MONTEREY NEWS

JULY 1996
VOLUME XXVI · Number 7

BRAINSTORMING THE BEQUEST

Recently the citizens of Monterey voted to accept a most gracious gift. Edith L. Wilson left to our town the home and property where she lived for more than fifty years with Margery McLaughlin. The two houses on twenty-eight acres of land are located near the corner of Route 23 and New Marlborough Road.

Suggestions, proposals, and designs for municipal use of the Wilson/McLaughlin property are being sought from all residents, who are hereby invited to help make the best of this rare endowment.

What's your idea? Want to see the existing structure adapted for offices and meeting rooms to conduct town business? Did you like the preliminary plan for renovation presented in March? Want to see the place used for an art museum? An open-air theater? A dance hall? A youth center? A day care? Want to tear the whole thing down and start over? Want to preserve the old part of the structure (which dates from the eighteenth century) and build a separate town hall from the ground up?

If yes, what should it look like—a barn? A church? In what style—Shaker? Colonial? Post-modern? What should it be made of—stone? Wood? Stucco? Aluminum siding? Should it have a bell tower? A clock? A gallery? A colonnade? Two storeys or one? Should the outside be white? Should we scrimp or splurge? What about parking?

Decisions, decisions: they're all ours.

Drop your best idea in the special box set up in the front hall of the town offices.

All designs will be displayed at the Fire Company steak roast on July 27. For additional information, please contact any member of the Select Board at the Town Hall, 528-1443.

Good luck and happy designing!

— Dan Moriarty, Gige O'Connell

MAGGIE LEONARD

THE TOWN

First Steps. Twenty-four people attended the quarterly meeting of all Monterey officeholders and citizens on June 18. Foremost on the agenda was discussion of the Wilson/McLaughlin property bequeathed to the Town by the late Edith Wilson, a resident of Monterey with her friend Margery McLaughlin for fifty-three years.

Participants had a thoughtful discussion of many possible municipal uses of the two houses and grounds. A general consensus was reached to proceed with a long-range plan, involving as many townspeople as possible. To this purpose two open houses will be held when residents of Monterey may visit. The first inspection date is Wednesday, July 10, 2–4 p.m.; the second is Saturday, July 13, 10 a.m.–12 noon.

The Town will act on other suggestions made at the meeting. Bally Gally, the smaller house, will be rented, with income used for maintenance of the entire bequest. The Select Board will see to a sign indicating location of the property. The Town will look into listing the original farmhouse on the National Register of Historic Houses, and also consider establishing an historic district. (The first settled households in Monterey were located within a quarter mile of the Wilson/McLaughlin property.) Both of these steps would help make the house eligible for grants from the Massachusetts Historic Commission. Finally, the Wilson/McLaughlin house and grounds will be included in celebrating the 150th Anniversary of the incorporation of Monterey in 1997.

At a regular meeting in June, the Select Board voted unanimously to appoint an Arts Council to choose art works and antiques for the Town from the Wilson estate according to terms of the bequest. Appointed for a term expiring June 30, 1997, were Anita Carroll-Weldon, Lewis Scheffey, Georgiana Shepard, Barbara Swann, Barbara Tryon, and Cynthia Weber.

School District Voting Challenged. The Board received a rather ominous letter, dated June 5, 1996, from legal counsel employed by the Town of Sheffield complaining of its underrepresentation on the Southern Berkshire Regional School District Board, and requesting to meet with Monterey's legal representative in resolving the "one person/one vote" requirement, which has long been controversial. Monterey and other towns were asked to respond by June 21. The Board turned the matter over to Town Counsel, as did other towns receiving the same notice. So far there is no resolution.

The Routine. The Board met with Building Inspector Carleton Anderson to discuss redesigning the Building Permit Application and Certificate of Occupancy forms. Responding to the request of Linda Thorpe, the Board directed the Highway Department to sweep River Road, which has been covered with sand and dirt. The Board agreed to a final distribution of funds in the Tornado Relief Fund, thus closing out the account. Also in June, the Board received a request from Mr. Anthony Prisendorf that the *Berkshire Record* be considered for Monterey's legal notices.

— Jane Black

MONTEREY NEWS

is published monthly under the auspices of

Monterey United Church of Christ
Monterey, MA 01245.

Volunteers Wanted For ...

Gould Farm's
Country Fair '96

... August 17, all day

As you may know, we will be hosting our 5th annual Country Fair on Sat., Aug 17, from 10am-6pm and then contra dancing 'til dusk. It's a lot of fun and we love doing it but we could always use extra hands to help with face painting, hay jumping, cooking, parking, ticket sales ... everything!

If you're interested in helping out -- as an individual or as a group of people - please call Kim Hines or Amy Goldfarb at 528-1804.

"Bill Meier is back!"- Monterey Parks Commission

Free Summer Swim Lessons for Monterey's Children
Lake Garfield Town Beach
Weekday mornings, July 29th-August 9th
brought to you by

SwimAmerica

Bill Meier, Program Director — Maureen Meier, Program Manager

Curious? Call Bill or Maureen at 528-6619 with questions, or simply stop in at the General Store to pick up your registration form. See you soon!

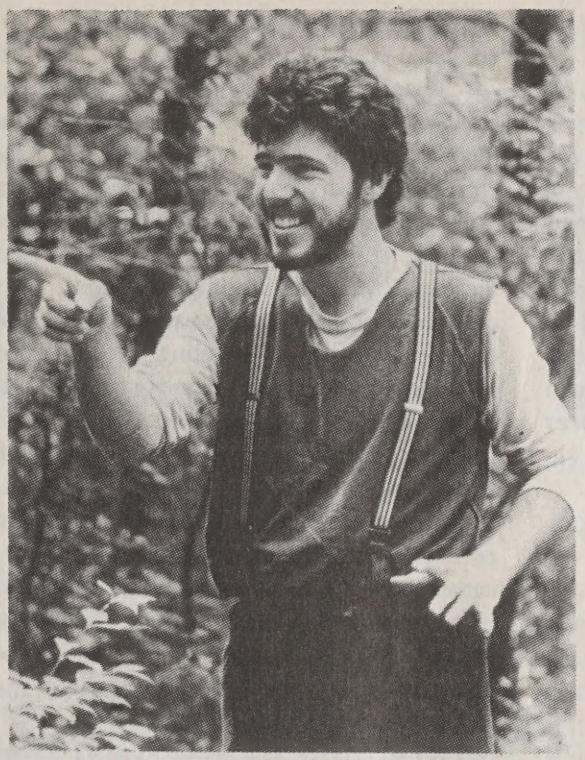
ARTS AT FLYING CLOUD

Flying Cloud Arts Program offers children the opportunity to work with local artists in a relaxed, open-air setting in neighboring New Marlborough. This summer several Monterey artists are teaching : Harryet Candee will teach art and newspaper publishing; Ellen Grenadier will teach the advanced pottery class; Bonner McAllester will lead nature walks with the younger children; Anson Olds will teach music; and Lindsay Pontius will bring Shakespeare to the older children. Also on the staff are several New Marlborough artists: Cynthia Atwood, art; Lucy Bardo, chamber music; Jane Burke, pottery and dance; Susan Hardcastle, art; Dory Previn, songwriting. Ed Herbst will come from Otis to teach Indonesian and world music; Jim Weber will teach Afro-Brazilian rhythms; GeGe Kingston teaches recycled jewelry; and John Kingston, raku pottery.

The Monterey Cultural Council has generously provided scholarship money for children in Monterey attending the program. Please contact Jane or Larry burke at 229-2697 for further information. There are still openings in the July sessions.

KNOX TRAIL RUN SET

The Fifteenth Annual Knox Trail Run will take place on Saturday, July 20, starting at 9:30 a.m. A Fun Run for kids aged eleven and younger will start at 9 a.m. Registration fee for the grown-ups is $5, but the kids run free. The grown-ups will cover 4.5 miles—west on Main Road from the town center to Curtis Road, south to Gould Road, up the hill on Wellman Road, north on the New Marlborough Road, then west again on Main Road back to finish where the race started. Entry forms are available at Monterey General Store. Runners may register up to half an hour before the start of the race.



Storyteller John Porcino.

FLINT TO BE AT MONTEREY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At 8 o'clock on Friday evening, July 19, the Monterey Historical Society will have its annual meeting and election of officers.

We will also enjoy a presentation by Charles L. Flint, a noted specialist in antiques who will offer his experience and advice in the proper care and conservation of historic relics. He will use examples in the Society's collection to illustrate what to look for in the safe keeping of our precious examples of past crafts. From fabrics to paper, wood, and metal, each material has specific needs and requires different solutions.

Mr. Flint is currently President of the Lenox Historical Society and will also report on a study they are conducting in Lenox. The history of the geologic ages prior to man's coming constitutes a fascinating preface to the recent era of humans in the Berkshires. We'll hear about that, too.

The program will take place in the General Knox Room beside the Monterey Library. Visitors are welcome. Come and learn about the past.

— Cynthia Weber

LIBRARY NOTES

Wonderful stories and delightful music will be the order of the day as the Monterey Library hosts John Porcino at 10:30 a.m. on Saturday, July 6. With warmth, humor, a playful touch of audience participation, and music played on instruments from around the world, John tells stories and sings songs that build bridges of understanding between all people. So mark your calendar for July 6 and join us at the library. This free performance is made possible through a grant from the Monterey Cultural Council.

It's not too late for children to sign up for the summer reading program. This is a fun way for kids to work on their reading skills and discover the joy of reading. Ask about the program at the library.

The annual library book sale is coming up on Saturday, July 27, 10 a.m.–1 p.m. There are great bargains to be found: stock up for summer reading. Books donated for the sale will be gratefully accepted after July 6. We always need children's, gardening, and cooking books, so donations of these are especially appreciated.

There is lots to do at the Monterey Library this summer. Stop by and see what we have to offer.

— Laurie Shaw

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CHURCH RESEARCH

A project of historical research on Monterey United Church of Christ is under way. Anyone who has old photos or records, or who has knowledge of the history of the church and would like to share it is asked to contact Kathy Wasiuk (413·528-3283) or Delight Wing Dodyk (201·652-4440).

The story of the town's original church revealed by this research will appear in future editions of the *Monterey News* as the project progresses.

MASSES SCHEDULED

Our Lady of the Hills Chapel will open June 29, with Masses held each Saturday at 7 p.m. For more information contact the Rectory at Our Lady of the Valley, 229-3028.

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WEDDINGS—CHOOSE LIFE!

Summertime is wedding time. The wedding is a ritual that reflects a fundamental ordering of the human relationship. It is filled with personal expectations and hopes, social (usually family) customs, cultural traditions. To bring these together without being too discordant is one of the more interesting exercises in pre-marital counseling. It usually helps to bring a sense of humor to the effort! It is always helpful for me to remember that I am not marrying anybody at a wedding. I am simply a witness to the event, a witness symbolic of the presence of God's love and grace in my capacity as a Christian minister. So I see it as part of my job in pre-marital counseling to establish and maintain that focus in the midst of the personal, the social, and the cultural. Which touches on a personal gripe: that a couple can get a two-for-one in a religious ceremony. That is, a religious ceremony in this country automatically includes civil recognition. I have long believed that there should be two separate rituals—civil and religious—requiring two separate decisions.

Well, enough of that! An interesting biblical quote often suggested and used at weddings is the passage from Matthew, 19:4-6: "Jesus replied, 'Haven't you read that in the beginning, the Creator "made them male and female" and declared, "This is why one person leaves home and cleaves to another, and the two become one flesh"? Consequently they are no longer two, but one flesh—and what God has joined together, let no one separate.'" Apart from being a response to the Pharisee's question about the validity of divorce, the passage is a reiteration of the Genesis narrative describing the creation of male and female. As such, for me, it reflects the larger universal order, the integral unity and harmony that constitutes the entire creation. As a part of, but not the whole of, creation, we embody and reflect the order of creation. Of course, as creatures possessing free will, we can and do disrupt that order and harmony. One has only to look at both the environmental damage and pollution of the world and the fractured human relationships that litter the landscape to be aware of that power. However, our highest good is to be found in acknowledging and submitting to the larger created order described in Genesis 1 and 2, whereby the two are vitally interconnected.

Just as one can see the impact of human discord on and in the world about, so we experience nature's illnesses in the fabric of society. Polluted air, water, land; all take their toll on the human body and psyche. Indeed, it is a theme of the great mythological story, the Garden of Eden, in Genesis 2 and 3. In a more contemporary vein, it is described vividly in John Steinbeck's novel *East of Eden*. We do reap what we sow!

On the other hand, and this what I emphasize and celebrate in a wedding, there is the wonderful affirmation that fundamentally life is good. That both the natural and human order are solidly rooted in God's gracious and loving activity. And not even the warped expression of human freedom can ultimately deny that goodness, that harmony. Thwart it, yes. That affirmation is part of the essential person and ministry of Jesus. It is a constant source of amazement and celebration that two people decide to make such a commitment to one another considering what appear to be insurmountable odds. But the fact that people continue to do so in weddings helps me to realize what a wonderful privilege it is to be apart of the ongoing saga wherein people choose trust over fear, love over hate, life over death. It is echoed in all of creation!

—Keith C. Snow, Pastor
Monterey United Church of Christ

Monterey United Church of Christ

Sunday Services · 10 a.m.
(Child care available)

For assistance & information:

Keith Snow (Pastor) 528-5850
Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee) 528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee) 269-7471
Judy Hayes (Worship) 528-1874

With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan 528-5557
Mary or Ray Ward 528-9243
Judy Hayes 528-1874

MPLT NEWS

A letter to the members of the Monterey Preservation Land Trust has just been sent out announcing our annual meeting and potluck-picnic, set for Saturday, July 20.

Many of you who participated in the Mt. Hunger preservation effort joined the Land Trust when you made your contribution. Naturally, we hope those who did not join then will do so now. However, whether you do or don't, we fervently hope we can welcome one and all, members and non-members, to join us for a jubilant get-together on the land that Saturday. I am in hopes that Peter Tucker, our forester, will be able to come. As yet he doesn't know, but if he can he will give a short talk on our Forestry Program. Aside from that, we have no particular plans—we just want to enjoy this wonderful place with you, and to see if we can take in what has been accomplished.

Early last spring a bunch of us walked the property with Peter Tucker. In the course of our walk we discovered a stone-wall enclosure or "barway" about a two minute walk from Mount Hunger Road. In some bygone era, it must have been a holding pen for livestock. Early in the effort we knew that if we were able to save this land we would certainly want to hold our annual meeting somewhere on it. When we came upon the barway, I don't know which one of us said, "This is the spot," but someone had to, because it is.

When board members Storrs Olds, Chris Dunlop, and our attorney Peter Vallianos went back a month later to fix the place up for the meeting, it had changed quite a bit. The saplings had sprouted, and what was a clearing had become a bit of a jungle. However, three intrepid guys got busy, and the result is spectacular. It is spot of sheer beauty with a natural amphitheater. Should anyone feel a sudden desire to sing, dance, or recite, the place is there.

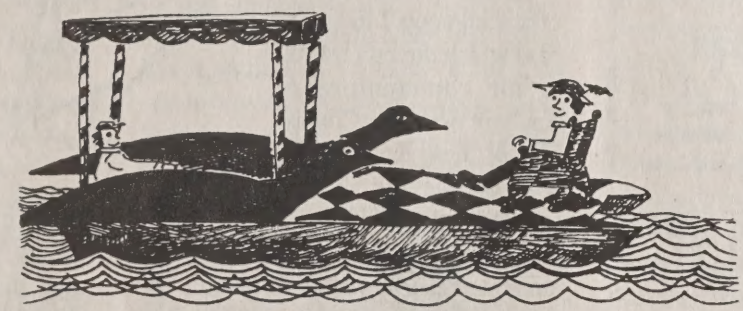
To business!

· We hope to make this a "waste free event." We ask people to bring their own place-settings, flatware, and drinking cups (if possible, not "throw-away" plastic). People must take out whatever they bring in.

· We are *not* providing sanitary facilities (toilets).

· The Barway is a short walk (two or three minutes, depending on your pace), so consider this while packing up your picnic food.

· The Land Trust will provide juice spritzers, so if they are not to your taste bring what beverage you may desire.



· We suggest walking shoes instead of sandals.

· Bring bug spray (the mosquitoes are not kidding this year).

· The property was full of test pits for septic systems which were never filled in after the many unsuccessful tests. As these gaping holes could constitute a danger to the unwary, Roger Tryon is up there filling them in as I write. But be careful! We don't have proper trails as yet!

· There is no rain date for the picnic. If it rains, the business meeting will be held at 1 p.m. at Joyce and Lew Scheffey's house on Wellman Road.

· Date, time and place: Saturday, July 20, 1 p.m. at The Barway.

· Directions: follow Mt. Hunger Road 0.9 miles east from Tyringham Road. The entrance to The Barway is there on the left, and you won't miss it.

· We will have a short business meeting promptly at 1 p.m. to elect directors for the coming year, hear the Treasurer's report, and discuss any new business.

— Joyce Scheffey

NEW MARLBOROUGH AND MONTEREY SCHOOL NEWS

Students and teachers made the most of this last month of school. On May 28 a tree was planted at New Marlborough Central in memory of Maria Miller, mother of Beth and Katie. The first grade sang a song and the third grade recited "All Things Bright and Beautiful." The tree, a chestnut, was donated by the Mullen family.

On May 29 NMC traveled to Mount Everett for "The Empty Bench," an opera performed by Eileen Brennan's third-and-fourth grade class. On June 3 the third grade toured Hancock Shaker Village. June 5 was Field Day, games of skill and just plain fun topped off with a picnic.

On June 7 a long-standing tradition was observed, Bear Day. Bears of every description paraded around NMC. Bear poems, songs, and words of wisdom were celebrated. On June 10 there was a family potluck picnic, and recognition of the fourth grade as they ended their NMC school days. On June 13 Jesse O'Hara and Jeannot Heyman were honored by present and former students, colleagues, school committee members, town officials, and moms and dads as they retire this year from thirty-four years and twenty-two years, respectively, with SBRSD. Thank you both for your dedication to the children of this school district.

I want to mention several other people responsible for our children during their school day: Evelyn Vallianos, school nurse; Lenny Ohman, custodian; Marion Dodds, resource room; aides Ann Anselmi, Sherrie Beckwith, Nancy Crawford, and Kelly Wilkinson. These people add to the quality of education our children receive, and they deserve our recognition and thanks.

That's it. One school year, start to finish. The cycle starts again August 28.

— Deborah Mielke

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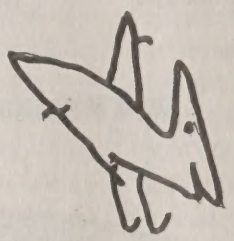
***

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

STATE POLITICS

Fiscal Year 1997

As you may be aware, the Fiscal Year 1997 budget was recently debated in the House. The House version of the budget totaled $17.6 billion. Once the House completed its debate, the Senate began work on their version of the budget. The Senate's budget came in at $17.4 billion. Both budgets are now in a joint conference committee where they will reconcile the differences and a final budget will be voted on no later than July 31.



There were a number of amendments I fought to pass which directly related to the communities of southern Berkshire County. One of these amendments will double the recommended appropriation for payment in lieu of taxes at $6.9 million. Given the amount of state-owned land in the Berkshires, I feel this measure will certainly provide a welcome and necessary revenue source for the communities of South Berkshire.

The House has also passed an amendment to add $500,000 for community development and revitalization incentive programs. This will greatly benefit the southern Berkshires by making funds available to the communities involved with the Great Barrington CDC.

Further, I have continued my five-year effort to reduce the diversion of Lottery Aid to the state budget. The House increases funds to communities by $41.6 million and helps to restore the original intent for usage of lottery proceeds.

Another big bone of contention for me was the governor's reorganization plan. As a part of this plan, Governor Weld proposed closing the District 1 Mass Highway office. This would have placed the 2,000 miles of state roads west of Sturbridge under the sole responsibility of Northampton. It was obvious that no study was conducted to determine the most effective way to decrease government spending and still serve the needs of all residents of the Commonwealth. As a result of this lack of planning, the proposal would have hurt Berkshire County. Once again, we would have become Forgotten County. I fought long and hard on this issue, and in the end Berkshire County was victorious. The Governor has now committed to keep the District 1 office open and fully staffed.

This year's House budget was a success on the education front as well. For the third year in a row, education reform was fully funded with a $209 million increase over last year. Funding for faculty salaries was also increased, avoiding the need to increase the burden on the students to offset costs for collective bargaining agreements.

State higher education was given a substantial boost when the House voted to eliminate the 10% reserve fund imposed by the Board of Higher Education. This will allow the funds to be redistributed and full funding will be restored to state colleges and universities. The reserve fund will stand at $2.8 million.

These improvements are sure to have a great impact on Berkshire County and I am proud to have been a force in passing these measures. I will continue to stand tall to ensure that the needs of our community are not forgotten on Beacon Hill.

— State Rep. Christopher J. Hodgkins

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3:00 - CHEESE MAKING

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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Three Nights In The Camper

First Night. Found myself and five dogs, one cat, and a bird in a pitiful truck stop near Birmingham, Alabama. I didn't come far—so tired! After leaving my new mobile house in order (A/C on low to combat mildew), after clipping all my bushes and putting pine needles straw around everything (weeds, don't dare come up!), and loading the camper with the things I need to live four months in New England, I was tired!

Usually a truck stop is a pleasant experience: big restaurant and store, showers in the bathrooms, but not this one. It has been in the nineties all day. Stopped, I opened the skylights, walked the dogs, filled their water dish, and took off for an air-conditioned big dinner.

The restaurant had no A/C! They were out of food. All the chicken was gone. Not even the hot dogs that go round and round. Gone! It was only 5:30!

Back to the camper, which I laboriously backed in. (I'm no good at that. Other drivers tried not to laugh at me.) Usually, you can go in forward!

The dogs and I were falling all over each other and the things not put away yet (a two-foot aisle full of bottles of water and crumbled-up paper—in case), thinking about my grand house I had left that morning. We just simply didn't have enough room: I had forgotten how to camp! I looked over my larder, found a can of beans and chili. I lifted off three layers of things, opened my gas stove. Where are the matches? Used to be right here. Gone. I looked in my purse...always keep matches there. Found a beat-up packet, must have been there six months. I struck one, then another, then another. No. Old, tired, one wet, wouldn't light. I had forgotten how to camp!

Back to the restaurant counter. I asked pleasantly, "Do you have matches?" She looked all around. "No, they're all gone." I glanced at the men standing around—nobody was smoking! The counter girl yelled at me, "Here's a lighter my son found in the parking lot." I felt I should buy *something*. I took home a sad-looking chocolate eclair.

It was cooling off. The littlest pup had spilled dry dog food all over the floor. I used the lighter. Oh no. I hurried outside and turned on the gas tank. When was the last time I filled the tank? Crossing myself, I approached the stove. Voila!

Throwing mountains of things from the couch onto the front seats, I sat down with my hot beans and salad listening to Public Radio. Before my beans were gone I was asleep. The five little dogs and cat were strewn all over the bed asleep. The bird is always silent at night.

Second night. On my way to a 76 Truck Stop in my book, I spied a 66 Truck Stop above Knoxville, Tennessee. I looked it over. Looked good. I pulled forward into a space next to a skyscraper-high white truck with a cab that looked like a battleship. I looked through my window at the middle of a giant wheel. Five dogs on five leashes over to a little bit of stubble, the field. Dogs didn't care. They could run, smell the ground.

I straightened the camper, opened windows and skylights, poured myself a long cool one. Adjusted the pillows on my couch-bed-dining chair-dogs' table-desk. Lay back with wind coming in. I was getting into it. A truck pulled in on my other side. Oh my gosh! It was four times my length with two strange vehicles in the middle, lights ablaze, and the noise of it plus the noise of the white truck got to be a symphony all night long. I turned my radio way up high.

On I-59 today I saw a fifteen-foot replica of the Statue of Liberty with light in hand, marking Liberty Parkway. Slight mountains around Birmingham, then down, down, down to Gadsden. We weren't that high to come down like that. I saw a restaurant, "All Fair In Love and Sirloin."

Sitting on my bed, drink in hand, got some cards written. Fed the animals and trotted inside the building. Mailed my cards, sat down to a good (but cheap) chicken dinner. Waitress addressed me as "honey" or "sweatheart," men too. Read a little. Back for the dogs' nightly walk. Jock the bird doesn't sing when we're going, probably watching the water and food spilling from his cage. The cat, tired, sleeps the day away on the upper front shelf, dozing on my T-shirts. She can get to the litter box, food set high on the counter, and when we stop, she gingerly steps two feet outside the door.

Articles are stowed, things most needed up front. Life is more in order. I haven't forgotten how to camp.

Third night. Ten miles north of Martinburg, West Virginia, almost in the state of Pennsylvania, I finally pulled into a full-time big 76 Truck Stop. I found a place, opened windows and skylights, walked and fed the dogs. I sauntered into the restaurant, bought some postcards, then washed. I sat down at a table with a telephone. I chose the soup, salad, and dessert bar. Good. While I ate, I called son Tim in Connecticut. I looked around: all kinds of drivers, one so chubby with tatoos all over his arm never stopped talking to the man next to him at the "Drivers Only" counter. Two old-girl waitresses puttering away...hello. A young and pretty waitress came in. The men stopped eating. Next to me was a man in cowboy hat decorated with many emblems, blue denim shirt, tight jeans. He was working on papers, using the phone. When he left, I could see he was about my age—my old age! Behind me a driver and lady both dressed alike, she on the phone, he reading the paper. They munched on giant hamburgers. Most drivers are fat. They sit all day.

Back to my home-is-where-you-park-it. Today going through Roanoke the smog was so bad: nose itchy and stuffed up, eyes watered, coughed. I wouldn't want to drive the busy highways every day of my life! When I got near Washington, D.C., I noticed my signal lights were not showing on the little Toyota I towed, or on the camper. I stopped. Since it was Sunday the garage man couldn't work on it, told me I needed double flashers (whatever that is). He unhooked the cord to the Toyota. The signal lights on the camper came on. Mustn't drive after dark. Nobody can see the little car.

Settled down for the night. I needed a blanket. Trip almost over. Tomorrow night with Tim, then a hop and skip the next day to my land of trees and water in Monterey. Good night dogs and cat and bird. Good night all.

— Joan Woodard Reed

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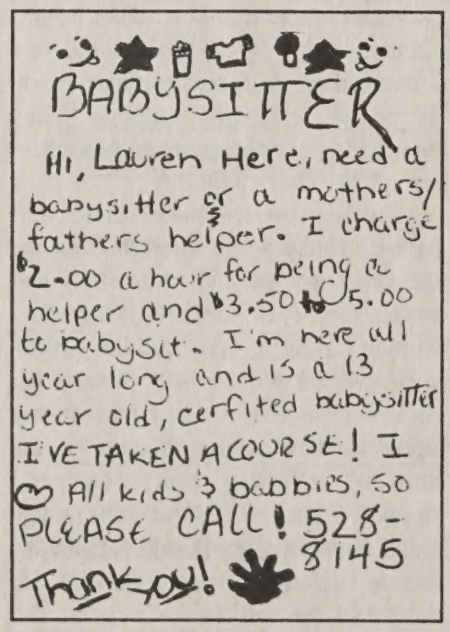
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Thank you!

STEFAN GROTZ
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MAGGIE LEONARD

FAMILY SUPPORT NETWORK/ CHILDREN'S HEALTH, INC.

Summer has arrived and everyone is happy to be outdoors after the long winter. Here is a schedule of summer activities (except as otherwise noted, call Children's Health Program at 528-9311 for details or registration):

July 3 Big Apple Circus, 3:30 p.m. performance. Discount tickets for area families. Call Miriam for details.

July 9, 16, 23, 30 Parent-child playgroup, 10 a.m.–12 noon at Housatonic school playground, Route 183. Bring snack. Rain cancels.

July 10, 17, 24, 31 Swimming lessons at York Lake. Parking fee waiver for area families. Call Loren.

July 11, 18, 25 Parent-child playgroup, 10 a.m.–12 noon at Undermountain School Playground, Berkshire School Road, Sheffield. Bring snack. Rain cancels.

July 10, 17, 24, 31 Single mothers' playgroup, 1-3 p.m. at Russell House, 54 Castle St. Call Claudette.

July 20 Fathers' Group, 4:30 p.m. at Berkshire Mountain Yoga, 30 Elm Court, Great Barrington. Wear loose clothing. Call Tony.

July 23 Trip to Berkshire Museum Aquarium. Pass tickets from Lenox Arts Council. Meet at museum, 10:30 a.m. Bring snack. Call Claudette or Tony.

July 27 Cooperative games for parents and children led by Bob Boylston, LICSW. Place and time to be announced. Call Laurie at 298-3178 for details. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children.

July 30 Picnic for new parents, 12 noon–2 p.m. at Housatonic school playground, Route 183. Call Loren. Sponsored by the Advisory Board of the Family Support Network, including representatives from Barrington OBGYN, Pregnancy Support Services, South Berkshire and Lee Visiting Nurse Associations, South Berkshire WIC, Children's Health Program, and others.

The Goop Recipe. Several parents asked for the goop recipe after watching their children enjoy the stuff at Family Fun Day. We thank Jodi Tuller of the Center for Adolescent and Pediatric Health Care for sharing it with us.

You will need 4 oz. (1/2 cup) white glue, 2 cups water, 1 tsp. Borax (look in the laundry section at the grocery store).

Mix the glue and 1 cup of the water in a bowl. Add food coloring by drops until you get the desired color (the colors will tend to pastel due to the white glue). In a separate bowl mix the remaining cup of water and 1 teaspoon Borax until dissolved. Add the water and Borax mixture to the glue, stirring constantly. A mass of goop will form almost instantly; keep stirring until the goop of glue has separated from some of the water. Pour off excess water and knead the goop like dough. As you work the goop it becomes more elastic, like silly putty. Keep the goop in a zip lock bag (if left out on cloth it will stick to fabric, but washes out after soaking in warm water) where it will remain fresh for a long time. DO NOT EAT! We suggest you keep the recipe handy for the rainy days of summer. A box of rainy-day things such as puzzles, books, paper, paints, etc., for children to use is always a good idea.

Parent to Parent Volunteer Training. We plan a Parent to Parent volunteer

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training for five Thursday mornings in August—1, 8, 15, 22, and 29, 10 a.m.–12 noon at the Russell House, 54 Castle Street, Great Barrington. After training, volunteers will be matched with area families in which there is a pregnancy or a child three years and younger for one or two hours a week. Volunteers will be trained to give emotional support and information about area services and child development. They can also help with transportation to important appointments, shopping, and parent-child playgroups. We ask that volunteers plan to serve for a year after training. Please call Claudette.

— Claudette Callahan

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THE BIDWELL HOUSE

Saving Labor:
A Celebration of Traditional Crafts

Traditional crafts developed from need, as people used materials around them to produce necessities. The industrial revolution made inexpensive products readily available, and by the end of the nineteenth century few traditional crafts were practiced. So on Sunday, July 28, The Bidwell House will present a whole day of traditional crafts and vintage tool demonstrations with craftsmen dressed in period clothing. This is the schedule for the day:

10–11:30 a.m. Traditional woodworking with hand tools. Monterey's own Peter Murkett and Ian Ross Jenkins will start the day off using antique tools to demonstrate various woodworking techniques, including those employed in Windsor chair-making. Chairs could once have been considered a cash crop. Well-made chairs were often a medium of exchange.

11:30 a.m.–12 noon Tool handles. Peter Jensen will demonstrate the art of making tool handles. All farms required tools—for construction, planting and tending gardens, for repairs, and for domestic chores. Early on, the metal parts of tools were made by blacksmiths; by the late 1800s they were available through mail order catalogues and the general store. But tool handles were often not commercially supplied, and making them was a good skill to have.

12–12:45 p.m. Split wood baskets. Wendy Jensen will demonstrate the ancient craft of basket-making. Fragments of baskets dating from 5,000 B.C. have been found in American archeological sites, which makes basket-making one of the older crafts in the world. European settlers often combined their traditional styles with the techniques of Native Americans. Material was varied, and locally available. Loosely woven baskets were used as sieves and strainers, shaped in cones to catch fish, woven in double thickness or coated to carry water, or made extra strong to hold harvested crops and to carry small animals to market.

12:45–1:45 p.m. Lunch. Picnics are encouraged, but some food will be available to purchase, and entertainment will be provided.

1:45–2:15 p.m. Spinning. Spinning was a common chore in early households. Spun wool and linen could be used to pay taxes to the Crown. Local spinner Ann Savage will demonstrate spinning with fleece from her own sheep.

2:15–3 p.m. Agricultural and garden practices. Monterey teamster Noah Wixom will drive his team of seven-month-old Short-horn oxen. The little team will be driven with a yoke Noah fashioned himself. Historical gardener Tom Weldon will give a tour of the heirloom vegetable gardens, with demonstrations and explanations of historical methods and tools.

3–4 p.m. Cheesemaking. This part of the program will open a room of The Bidwell House to the public for the first time. In 1790, Rev. Bidwell's son Adonijah built an ell on the north side of the house which contained a buttery, where dairy products were made into butter and cheese. Cheese became a common product made in Monterey. Barbara Klemansky of Hancock Shaker Village will demonstrate how to make both hard and soft cheese from fresh milk.

The entire program of traditional crafts will run 10 a.m.–4 p.m. rain or shine. Admission is $8 for adults, $3 children, $5 Museum members, $1 members' children.

In July we offer a wide range of programs. The Bidwell House welcomes Monterey naturalist Bonner McAllester for a nature walk on Saturday, July 6, 10–11:30 a.m. Bonner will give you a close-up look at our natural neighbors through her collection of skulls and skins, and she will lead you through the trails of the museum to locate their natural habitats. Admission: adults $5, children $2. Number of children is limited to ten, but the number of adults is unlimited, so please call 528-6888 for reservations.

The annual folk concert is set for Saturday, July 13, 2–4 p.m., and features The Calico Indian String Band from Styverson Falls, New York. This old-timey band has fiddle, banjo, guitar, acoustic bass, and flute, and they guarantee to get you dancing on the museum lawn. Fiddle player Earl White will be doing a buck dancing demonstration. Buck dancing is a Native American dance that was adapted and added to clog dancing. The concert will be held rain or shine. Picnics are encouraged. Admission, $8 for adults, $5 children, $6 members, and $4 members' children.

We also offer children's crafts in July:

Wednesday, July 17, Printmaking. This program will teach students about the history of printmaking and give a hands-on workshop of monoprinting.

Wednesday, July 31, Beginning Weaving. Students will weave a wristband on a very basic loom.

Both classes are designed for children aged 5–10. Limited to ten children, so reservations are required (528-6888). $10 admission includes materials. 9–10 a.m. at The Bidwell House.

The Bidwell House offers annual memberships, which help fund educational programs for the community and provide operating expenses for the museum. Memberships help keep our cultural history alive. In addition, members receive a subscription to The Bidwell House Newsletter, free admission to the museum, advance notice of upcoming events, discounts to many programs, and an invitation to the annual Holiday Open House for Members, where you can experience the museum splendidly decorated for the yuletide season.

Membership categories are: Friend, $25–49 (season pass for one); Supporter, $50–99 (season pass for two); Benefactor, $100–249 (season pass for three); Patron, $250–499 (season pass for four plus special tours and receptions); Bidwell Society, $500 and up (season pass for five plus special tours and receptions).

The Bidwell House is a parsonage built in 1750 for Reverend Adonijah Bidwell. Located on 190 acres, we have hiking trails and walking paths, perennial flower gardens, and an heirloom herb and vegetable garden. The museum is located on Art School Road in Monterey. For further information, please call 528-6888.

— Anita Carroll-Weldon, Director
The Bidwell House Museum

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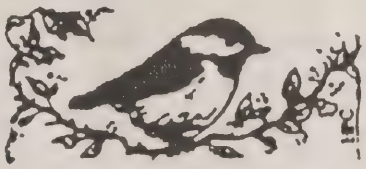

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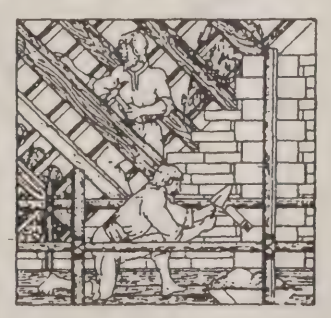

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SPEAK TENDERLY OF JERUSALEM

Speak tenderly of Jerusalem
its nails transfix a womb of
unborn parchment
it is stretched out
between three testaments
and gives birth
with sharp cries of recognition
to an older, a far older covenant

we come together with embers
and we exchange the sacraments
in eponymous anguish

everytime we hold hands
surrender, cherish, kiss
the blind codes of love
are erected
like new pillars of protest
in the desert of revenge
how dangerous is their anointing!

speak tenderly of Jerusalem
we become when we touch
we become the fingers of God
scouring the ancient holy ground
plunging deep, turning over the blood
searching for what was risked and lost
it seems almost He has given up, turned away
that only we
can find the purpose and the peace
in the wrenching screams of her labor.

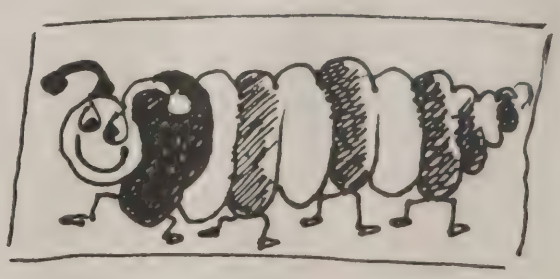
— A. O. Howell

Unfinished business
With champagne and chocolate.
Urgent matters
Of wine and dessert.
Pressing issues
Of touch and taste,
Spur carnal cravings.
Fluid and sweet

On bright, white linen
The purpose clear,
Appetites quicken,
Lips draw near.
Eager mouths widen,
Tongues lick and smear,
Sticky skin sodden
With a glaze ...
very rare

So here is an invite
from me to you.
To come on a picnic
Of a week or two.
Ah! Bonbons and bubbly,
In the warm summer air
Sippin' and snackin'
With delirious care
Every drop, every morsel
Of our sensual fare

— Nick Hardcastle



The first Hot Dog that was ever Served this is true old hall pixley in washingtons time the quearest old gent ever told in rime he kept an inn he drinked his whiskey and for an gent was rather friskey he worked his farm cut his hay not Just the same as they do today

for they cut it with scythes raked it by hand while he served drinks to evry man untill they all was feeling gay old hall was all lit up they say when the boys set fire to his load of hay he cracked his whip and rode away singing here i come in my firey shay when his hay was burning he rode and sung the querest old man that ever went up hung while at his festal board his prayers was sung

for the ritches wines graced his tabel and the story I now tell is no silly fable for old hall had a little pup a cranky little cuss and that thare dog got meny a man in meny an ugly mess when the seat of their pants would be in the teeth of that little cuss

then the men they got to gether for to form a plan to kill old halls pup the pup of the tavern stand but old hall he was watching them so he got them evry one now said he i' ll feast them well for the dirty Job they have done

for my dog will make a saveory stew cooked with spices rare and brandy too then i will give a banquet the ritchest in the land while i serve hot dog from my old tavern stand then i will invite the men that kild my dog to come that night and dine when i will serve my ritches stew also my rare old wine

the men they were delighted to go that night and dine for well they knew old halls grand feeds and well they knew his wine so they all dressed up in their sunday best and got thare right on time to eat one of old halls grand feeds and also drink his wine

that night old hall he stood at the head of his table he served their stew with a big silver ladel untill they eat all the stew he had for the tabel then up spoke old hall Just like a sinner and asked them how they liked their dinner they cald it fine the grandest spread

then with a laugh old hall threw back his head I know you kild my dog and now i know you have eat him he said so hot dog was served in the olden time Just as i have put it in rime for old hall pixley was the man who first served hot dog at his tavern stand

this story come to me long a go from Elijah Pixley who was old Hall Pixleys son i lived with Elijah Pixley and his wife when a child long a go I am now 84 years old December 10, 1946

— Hannah Climena Pixley

PANPIPES IN THE WOODS: THE THRUSHES

I was up before anyone this morning and went to the garden to wreak a little havoc on the potato bugs. I wore my tall black boots and stretched my hamstrings as I straddled the rows, bent way over, and made my way slowly backwards checking under leaves for the clusters of bright orange eggs. It was dawn, damp, earthy, and the music playing in my ears, thanks to my irrepressible inner Walkman, was J. S. Bach's Mass in B Minor.

This has been true for weeks. When I am shovelling sopping manure into the wheelbarrow down in the barnyard I hear that second *Kyrie*. When I am under the car changing the oil it's *Et resurrexit*. Generally during the potato bug massacre I get the *Sanctus* or the *Gloria*, sometimes a whole chorus but more often just a few phrases, surging into my conscious ear when I'm least expecting them. They play for a minute or two and then clear away.

The reason I am over my eyeballs in Bach is that I'm singing in a concert on Saturday with the Berkshire Bach Society. I have practiced so much that I am oozing. I'm not tired of it, but I have been wondering what my musical life will consist of after Saturday. What will my potato bug theme be if not Bach?

This morning I found out. I finished a row, straightened up, cleared away the mosquitoes and got conscious. I struggled to "be here now," and was rewarded with a fresh new music. It's been there all along, morning and evening and sometimes at mid-day these glowery damp days. I heard the call of the veery, one of several thrushes singing in our woods just now.

To me the veery's song shimmers, like glass, and many-colored glass at that. He is like pebbles skimmed along smooth thin ice, like chimes. His song goes spiralling downwards in a way that surrounds the listener. I feel some angel-druid-fairy has hovered just over me and waved a wand round and round making a dust devil of glitter or stardust which settles lightly down all around me. When you hear a song like this you don't think to look for the singer because it is too big and can have no assigned place of origin.

Shimmering song of the veery (top) and Beethoven-like song of the hermit thrush (bottom), as put into music by F. Schyler Mathews in Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music.

I have seen a veery, though. He skitters along the ground, a tawny bird about seven inches long. His breast is pale with V-shaped spots in sienna along the edges. This modest-looking and quite small creature produces a song that can change your life. His brain cannot be as big as a marble. He doesn't fly much, except during migration and that is at night. In looks he is understated, in behavior he is standard, and in music he is totally galactic.

I love to read the flights of poetic description with which early naturalists have made their best efforts to write about this music: "a most remarkable and beautiful *glissando* of overtones, without melody, and in a measure without definite pitch..." "a reedy, harmonic strain from an accordion swinging in the air..." "a spiral, tremulous silver thread of music..." "the most spiritual (song) of all the woodland singers..." "fills one's heart with the solemn beauty of simple melody rendered by an inimitable voice! No violin, no piano, no organ confined to such a limited score can appeal to one so strongly... it is like the harmonious tinkling of crystal wine-glasses combined with the *vox angelica* stop of the cathedral organ."

Writers like F. Schyler Mathews took pen and paper with them and sat on a stump noting down birdsong in "dots and dashes." Writing in 1904 he rhapsodized about the thrushes and struggled cheerfully to get it all down just right in notation, in curving line patterns, in descriptive metaphor. Mathews compared the song of the hermit thrush, his all-time favorite, with Richard Strauss, Wagner, and Beethoven, even writing out a hermit thrush song heard in the White Mountains to show its similarity to the "wild movement that opens the finale of Beethoven's *Moonlight* Sonata."

When I sing in Ozawa Hall Saturday night I won't be thinking of the veery. I'll be delirious with Bach, crazy for art and drama, for pouring out my poetic soul via the oversized human heart, brain, mouth, diaphragm, and life experience. Then the next day I hope I can straighten up, brush away the mosquitoes, and listen to the veery, the local master, the tawny thrush.

— Bonner J. McAllester

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WILDLIFE SURVEY

On the Roadside. May 19 was the time of bloom for viburnum of several kinds, tall shrubs with white blossoms. The most showy is the highbush cranberry, looking like dogwood, on the Barnum Flats along Route 23 east of the mowed area. Closer to the ground are masses of goutweed, or Bishop's weed, with white umbels; it has gone native here from gardens and is Eurasian in origin. Also by the roadside was a moose on Blue Hill Road Extension, seen in mid-June by Dale Duryea.

Around Lake Garfield. The shadbush has given way to virburnum, and along the north shore especially the laurel was in early stages of blooming by mid-June. Spatterdock, or cow lily, is opening its round green buds into yellow cups. Yellow iris, escaped from cultivation, continues to spread all around the lake and the native blueflag is in full bloom. Large fragrant areas of milfoil flowers are white in the shallows.

Other flowers. Flowers dominate the June-July scene. Bedstraw has some twenty species in our area. Many kinds have weak stems and the plants support themselves on meadow grass and put out a haze of white blossoms in terminal clusters. The stems are square, around which the leaves grow in whorls. The bright red of wild strawberries gleams in the grass and the vivid blue of blue-eyed grass. Daisies are everywhere, as are yellow and orange hawkweed. Higher than the grass are chickweed, meadow rue and goatsbeard, and close to the ground is Gill-over-the-ground with its blue flowers and the fragrant leaves that have earned the name "meadow balm."

Also, tall buttercup, true and false Solomon's seal, celandine, yellow loosestrife, campion bladderwort, chickweeds and fleabanes, ragged robin, flowering maple, day lilies, Canada lilies in bud, yellow wood sorrel, field sorrel, tall cinquefoil, brown-eyed Susan, bluets, white, red and yellow clover, yarrow, sheep laurel, blackberry, serviceberry in fruit, milkweed in bud, cow parsnip (the giant parsley up to eight feet tall with white umbels up to eight inches across), wild currant, and baneberry with small green fruit now, to be bright red or white next month.

Bird and Mammal Young. Unlike the flowers, birds and mammals are keeping a low profile now, tending their young. Ducks will fly only a short way off, hoping to lure you away from their chicks. Walter Parks saw a mother bear and two cubs near his house, and Laurel Tewes saw a bear cub up a tree by her driveway off Tyringham Road; Dale Duryea saw four baby skunks on Route 23 near Stevens Lake Road on June 18, and herded them off into the long grass several times to try and keep them from being run over; deer are dropping their fawns now; David McAllester saw an adolescent crow, complainingly learning to do fancy flying. A young loon (!) has been seen on Lake Garfield a number of times. Turtles are on the move looking for dry, sandy soil for their eggs.

Return of the Whip-Poor-Will. Once almost a trade-mark of Monterey, these birds were wiped out by the DDT extravaganza of the 1940s. But one has been singing every night since late May near the Mielke's house off Route 23 near the edge of the tornado path.

Depredatory Coyote. At least one coyote is feeding her young from the Gould Farm sheep flock. Several lambs were lost last year and three have been taken this summer. Fish and Wildlife, Dale, and Gould Farm are conferring on how to meet this problem.

Other sightings. Newts are common in the woods and fireflies are over the meadows. On June 6 the Amidons reported rose-breasted grosbeaks, titmice, yellow finches, a scarlet tanger, chickadees, tree swallows, hummingbirds, a purple finch, a house finch, and two phoebes; Louise Burns saw a bear walk past her house on the edge of Lake Garfield June 18; Mick Burns has seen an otter in the Konkapot behind the post office (June 5); Eleanor Kimberley has chickadees and tree swallows in her bird boxes, and saw turkeys June 11. (The report of rosebreasted grosbeaks and hummingbirds ascribed to her last month was in error, and now I don't know who listed them for me!); Matthew Breuer saw a fisher mid-morning on June 15 near his home behind the firehouse, also a grouse; Dale Duryea reports frequent sightings of mink and otters in the Konkapot near the Curtis Road bridge, turkeys with chicks, and a black squirrel. He also saw a bobcat on Barnum Flats in mid-June.

Our wildlife neighbors, both regular and rare, are doing nicely, even after the hard winter. But people are still asking, Where are the bluebirds?

— David P. McAllester

The

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SATURDAY, JULY 13

2:00–4:00 rain or shine

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HANNAH CLIMENA PIXLEY CONCLUDED

These are the final pages of Hannah Pixley' s story known to us. As Mrs. Flora Brantley notes, the composition book appears simply to have been used up. There may or may not ever have been another in which the tale was continued or concluded. Searches through family archives have so far failed to turn up anything more.

What we do have remains compelling and illuminating. Hannah Pixley was a consummate storyteller, and with her daughter (despite their disclaimers) a fine writer. Raymond Ward visited the Pixley (Ariail) household, mother and daughter, in the late 1940s and early 1950s in his role as Selectman and Minister of the Monterey United Church of Christ. He remembers that Mrs. Ariail's voice had an "elegiac" tone when she spoke of the old days. It was surely a voice from deep within.

Hannah Pixley's verse and excerpts from a daybook kept by Mary Ariail in 1950 will be published in future issues of the Monterey News. *Fans are reminded that the complete autobiography and supplementary materials previously published in the News are now available in book form. You may order your copy through the mail, $10 postpaid, from Monterey News, P. O. Box 9, Monterey, MA 01245.*

Also, Barrington Stage Company will present a staged reading of the autobiography by Diane Kagan on August 16, 17, and 18 this summer. The show is titled Hannah Pixley: The Life and Times of a Berkshire County Woman, *and is directed by Julianne Boyd. For tickets, phone 413·528-8888, or write to BSC, P. O. Box 946, Great Barrington, MA 10230.*

Now I will try to tell something of my fifty years of hard work and trouble after I married. For I was never free from hard work, care, and trouble until I was seventy years old. Then life began for me. For the most I knew about the man I married was that he was from a very nice family and much older than I was. Soon after we was married, some told how I had married a very wealthy man. That story caused me a lot of trouble. I soon found out that he had been worth a lot of money, but had spent 'most all of it in travelling, drinking, and gambling, and all he had left was the three hundred he had put in on the farm. And there was a claim on the horses that had got to be paid. So then I got a married woman's business certificate and got it recorded to do business on a separate account in my own name in order to save anything. Then I got some money to pay for the team. I then had the money by me but could not go to see about it until the next day as my husband was away with the team and I was all alone on the farm. Our nearest neighbors was a half a mile away and they were an old lady over eighty years old and her husband over ninety years old. This is no romance, but just a true story. Now I will tell it in poetry just what happened. *[See facing page.]*

Well, that was what tried to be my first hold up. I being a young girl, he did not think of my turning the tables on him for he could of killed me just as well as not, but he must of thought he could scare the money right away from me. But I got back far enough so I knew he could not hit or kick me and I sure was a good shot and knew just how to handle a pistol. So I escorted him right to the door and that man never troubled me after that little visit.

One day that summer my husband was going up to Stockbridge and told me to stay with Mother and Arthur while he was gone. Then I found out they was all up there getting ready to go to see a band of roaming gypsies that had camped a few miles from there. Jay Pixley was going to take his team and lumber wagon, put some boards across the box for seats and take his wife, his brother Ira, Clarence Johnson, Mother, and Arthur. Then they asked me to go with them. Then the men said, They will want to tell our fortune. Now we will see if they can tell who is man and wife in this land or not.

So they had Jay's wife sit with Ira, me sit with Clarence Johnson, Arthur and Mother sit on the driver's seat with Jay Pixley.

Well, the first thing when we got there a young woman came up to the wagon and said, Cross the gypsies' palm with money and have your fortune told.

So Ira said, I will make you acquainted with my wife.

So she spoke to Jay's wife and thought she was Ira's wife. Then I looked up in the lot where they had a big iron kettle of something cooking that looked just like ants, eggs and young ants. And by the side of that kettle sit what looked a mound of coarse black hair. That was the old queen as she squatted on the ground. She had to part her hair to look out with her piercing black eyes.

Then she called to Ira and said, She is not your wife at all, sir. A fine young husband she has on the driver's seat. See how well he handles the ribbons?

Well, she was right. Then Johnson introduced me as his wife and the young woman thought sure I was his wife. Then that old crone parted her hair to peek out again and said, She is not your wife at all, sir. She has a husband now riding north.

That was true, for the road to Stockbridge went north. Then she told Johnson, You have a wife who is now on the water with a fair-haired boy.

For his wife was on the pond at that time with a fair-haired boy, so that was true.

Then the old queen wanted to tell my fortune. I was the only one in the load that she wanted to tell their fortune. I told her, No, mine would come fast enough.

Then she said, Girl, you don't belive in telling fortunes?

I told her I did not, then she said, Girl, you have a history. There is something you ought to know. I can tell you every thing from the cradle to the grave.

I told her I did not want mine told, then she said, Girl, there is one thing I am going to tell you. Before many moons, there is a bad accident about to befall

It was in the month of December, I was then a fair young bride,
I left my child-hood home to dwell down by the lake-shore side.
It was a cold winter, the streams all frozen o' er,
When a band of sparrows came up to our old farm door.

I made for them a shelter, I fed them from my hand,
For dearly did I love my little feathered band.
At last the Springtime came, the birds they went away.
Oh, how lonesome I was then, all alone day after day,
While my husband with the team was many miles away.

It was on a bright May morning, I started pies to make
And never thought of danger lurking by the lake,
When a shadow crossed the porch all by the open door,
And in my kitchen stood a great half-breed man I had never seen before.

"What is your business here?" I asked, as he before me stood.
For I thought his presence there was not for any good.
"Ha, Ha, my little lady, if you would like to know,
I came to rob and murder you, into the lake your body throw.

"You need not make an out cry, there is no one to know,
So just hand me your money, or into the lake you go."
I did not get the money, I just sprung back a step or two.
Then quickly from my pocket, a loaded pistol drew.

Saying, "Put up your hands, if you advance a step
I will shoot your body through,
For my little shooting iron has the drop on you.
Now step lively before it is to late,
I may dwell here by this lake,
Where some have met their fate.

"But for a great bandit like you,
I shall never be fish bait." My aim was true
As I backed him out through the open door.
There I said good day to him and never see him more.

you. The gypsy queen has told you.

She told me the truth too, for it was but a few months after when I was to become a mother, I was driving my horse home, the road was wide enough for two teams to pass. I turned out in the ditch. A man came along, he kept all the road, locked wheels with me, and smashed my front wheel. That scarred my horse, so she ran and throwed me across the road on a rock where I was picked up for dead.

So old queen told that all right, but my what a looking thing she was. Her hair reached the ground all around her, just like a tent. In later years, I often wished I had let her tell my whole history, if she could tell as true as everything she did tell. She sure did look like a witch or something, not at all human as she squatted on the ground.

But the young lady, they said, was the queen's daughter, dressed in very rich silk. Their wagon houses had lace curtains at the windows. In some windows, the curtains was drawn aside so I could see beds all made up with white bedspreads. And that was the only band of roaming gypsies I ever see. I have seen other gypsies, but nothing like them.

Well that fall killed the child and almost took my life. It was a good thing I had my business affairs all fixed before I got hurt, for my husband had a judgement against him on an old law suit that I did not know about. Something that happened before I ever met him, of course. I knew I would be sick some time, so I left my business papers with the sheriff in Monterey. It was a good thing I did, for while I lay helpless, a sheriff from another town came and attached everything I had for my husband's old law-suit bills. Langdon, the sheriff here in town, was gone that day. When he got home he found the attachment papers on his desk, so he got his horse and went after the other sheriff that left them there and told him to remove his attachment within twenty-four hours or he would make him jump. For said he, We do not know yet if the girl will live or die, but she has got everything salted, so you can never get anything from her for his bills, do not try anymore.

So that ended that trouble, for no one tried to collect his debts of me after that.

Well that year I got seed buckwheat and got a man to raise it on halves, so it was gathered when I was took sick. Then my husband took the load of buckwheat off and sold it. He said to help me as we did not have any money. Well, he was gone two days. Then came home drunk with a hurt shoulder and not a cent of money. He had spent it all and I lay in a cold room without a fire or any wood to make a fire with until Mrs. Snyder came to see me one day and told him if he did

not get some wood for my room, she would complain of him. Then he got some wood for she said I would get my death cold like that. I was up to Mother's then for he would not work to get anything to live on.

At that time, when he was drinking, if he did work and got money, a great many times he would fool it away on cards and drink. When I could work, I had to get the living. Finally, the lakeshore farm was sold out. I knew he would never pay for it. Then we went to live in one of Mother's houses and I raised garden vegetables to sell and took in sewing to do evenings. I had laid by a little money then, for I was to become a mother in the fall. So that year, he done some better. He planted and raised a piece of potatoes and some corn. I used to ride the horse that summer for him to cultivate the corn and potatoes. We only kept one horse then. We had two cows, a pig, a sheep, and chickens. So we were getting along better. Then in the fall or late summer it was Arthur, my half brother as I call him, who had a bad fever and his Mother took care of him until the thirteenth of September. Then my girl was born. I had a woman with me for I had not been well for some time. When my baby was a week old and Arthur just beginning to walk around a little, his Mother and my supposed-to-be-Mother went violently insane and was running in the road. People was afraid of her and complained of her to the town. Then Merrick Langdon, he was the sheriff, came to see me about it. They wanted to send her off, but she had always begged of us, if she was took with them insane spells, not to let her be sent to the insane hospital, and she never had been. I knew what made her insane. Her boy was her idol and she thought he was going to die so I told Mr. Langdon not to make any trouble and as soon as I could get out of bed, I would see she should be taken care of. I thought it would be one more week.

Then Mr. Langdon said, We are afraid she will kill you out, then the town will have them all to take care of, for you are the only mainstay of them all to look after everything.

I told him I thought I could fix it so she would be all right, soon as I could get up and around. So he left it all with me. The woman I had with me got afraid of her and left. Then I got a man and his wife to come and help, for Arthur was not able to do anything. So I knew it must all depend on me, the poor little stolen waif that they robbed of her name and birthright. They was to tell me of my parents and bring me up by their name, but they did not, so I do not know who I am, only my parents was most honorable people.

That is all I ever could find out and I sure would like to see that seventy-two foot well opened down to the bottom. I think then there would be plenty of water on that corner and never will be until it is done. I do not wonder Arthur's Mother had insane spells when I think of all she had to go through for what she was not to blame. For I used to pity her and feel sorry for her, but I done the best I could for her. When she had her spells this time, she kept growing worse and for two months was a very dangerous insane person. It kept two men night and day to take care of her, for I had a young baby. So I had to have a woman to help me in my house across the road from Mother's. Sometimes, she would holler we was starving and freezing her to death, when she would tear her clothes all off and throw her food away and smash up the dishes. Then she smashed out the window lights in the kitchen, so they had to shut her in a room that had one small window in it, so small she could not get out of it. One day when the men was eating their dinner over to my house, I got her some toast and corn starch pudding and a cup of tea ready for her. I told the men I would take it over to her. They told me I better not for she had

Mrs. Brantley's Postscript

This is where the composition book ends. I'm sure there is another one somewhere, but I do not have it. Does anyone reading this know where the other book might be? Sure would be nice if we could find it. Check your attic for old papers in an old trunk, etc.

This was typed and edited by Flora Ellen Mc Carthy Brantley, great grandaughter of Hannah Climena Pixley. As you can tell, I did not change much of the English grammar. I thought it would take away from the story, so I left the grammar alone.

In this story, Hannah Climena talks about not knowing her real parentage. The only thing that I have found is that in the will of Orlin Gleason, her step-father, he states that his wife's daughter's name was Hannah Climena Mc Arthur. There was only one man living in that area at that time with the name of Mc Arthur and his name was Arthur Mc Arthur. He was already married and died young. I believe this Arthur Mc Arthur could have been the father of Hannah Climena. She [Mary Jane Pixley] even named her only son Arthur. It is a shame that Hannah Climena died not knowing who she really was.

— Flora Brantley

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WOMEN AND PROPERTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

The laws of Massachusetts regarding married women and property began to shift in 1855, and over a period of years the legal structure adjusted, making room for women of will, like Hannah Pixley, who also happened to be married.

The middle nineteenth century was a time of growth—if not birth—for women's rights. Until that time, a married woman lived under coverture, whereby her husband exercised full legal rights over their common property. In 1848 Elizabeth Cady Stanton and other feminists wrote the Seneca Falls Declaration (modeled on the Declaration of Independence) attacking coverture and the civil death of women. One by one, states passed laws allowing married women to own property.

Looking into court interpretation of the Massachusetts General Laws, Chapter 209 (Domestic Relations—Husband and Wife), we find that prior to the 1855 statute in Massachusetts,

> ... the earnings of the personal labor of a wife, even when living apart from her husband, were his property, and might be recovered by him from one to whom she had assigned them without value. ...
>
> Money in the hands of a wife at the decease of her husband, earned and received by her before the marriage, or given to her by her husband afterwards, passed to his administrator. ...
>
> At common law, a married woman was under many civil disabilities even to the extent that she was incapable of contracting, and that the earnings of her personal labor belonged to her husband.[1]

In 1857 a married woman gained the legal right to transfer property with the assent of her husband, and in 1874 the requirement of a husband's consent was voided. Nonetheless, she had to take steps:

> Notwithstanding St. 1855, c.304, enabling married women to hold property in their own right, personal property in the possession of a married woman was presumed, *in the absence of other evidence*, to be the property of her husband[2]

We added the emphasis to underscore Hannah Pixley's determination, competence, and foresight in protecting her earnings and assets from the creditors of her dissolute husband. She obtained her "married woman's business certificate," had it recorded, and later left her papers with Sheriff Langdon while she was laid up after her accident. This occurred shortly before the birth of her first daughter, Mary Elizabeth, in 1885.

— Peter Murket

1. Massachusetts General Laws, Ch. 209 § 4, Notes 2 and 3, p.349.
2. Ibid., Ch. 209 § 1, Note 51, p. 313.

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Our thanks to the following people for their recent contributions to the *News*:

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ASTROLOGICAL MUSINGS ON POLITICS

On July 4, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence gave us birth as a nation, the moon was in the sign of Aquarius. That means that the qualities of Aquarius are part of our national personality. In terms of government, Aquarius represents the dream of genuine democracy as played out in New England town meetings.

The planet which has the greatest affinity for Aquarius, Uranus, was discovered in 1781. That same year, we were a raggletag passel of rebels still at war against the much more conventional British, but our quest for freedom received a boost with the British capitulation at Yorktown and their evacuations of Savannah and Charleston. By 1782, peace talks were underway in Paris, and our country was recognized by Britain in 1783.

Now were those events a series of coincidences or a simple case of synchronicity? It's not a trick question, but the answer each of us gives also answers a larger question: Do I believe we have daily opportunities to participate in a multi-dimensional and deeply symbolic life, or are we just hanging out here in a primarily physical, purely rational world?

Just sixty-six years ago the planet Pluto was discovered, at the beginning of what is now referred to as the "atomic age." One of Pluto's chief attributes is described as a capacity for cellular level transformation: change as profound as the shift from caterpillar to butterfly. Last November, Pluto moved into the sign of Sagittarius.

While our nation has the moon in the sign of Aquarius, the rising sign in the most commonly accepted chart for the birth of the nation is Sagittarius. This is the sign associated with theocracy, meaning rule by a god focused through a specific religious perspective.

Both Uranus and Pluto are moving through the zodiac about sixty degrees apart from each other in a formal pattern called a sextile. It's an aspect that suggests a positive influence, but one that shouldn't be taken for granted. Hard work is required.

Isn't it interesting how, politically, we have our archetypal players all lined up, broadcast right into our living rooms?

— MaryKate Jordan

THE OBSERVER - MAY

High temp (5/20)	89°
Low temp. (5/14)	27°
Avg. high temp.	66°
Avg. low temp.	44°
Avg. temp.	55°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	55.1°
Precip. occ.	11 days
Rainfall	3.44"
Snowfall (5/30)	flurry
Total precip.	3.44"
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	4.54"
High bar. press. (5/7)	30.45"
Low bar. press. (5/12)	29.40"
High humidity (5/11)	96%
Low humidity (5/15)	54%
Avg. wind speed	2.25 mph
High wind gust (5/12)	33 mph

NOTICE

The Town of Monterey and the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste Management District will sponsor a furniture and bulky waste collection at the Monterey Transfer Station on the following dates:

Wednesday, July 10 8 a.m.–1 p.m.
Saturday, July 13 8 a.m.–1 p.m.
Sunday, July 14 10 a.m,–6 p.m.

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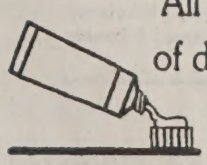

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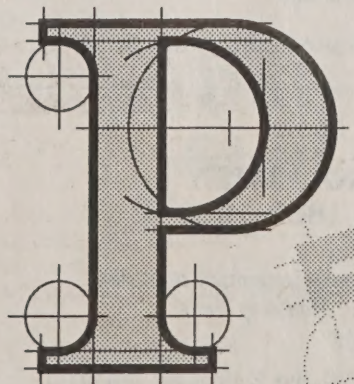

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PERSONAL NOTES

Hats off to **Joel Kalodner** who finished his first year of law school at the University of Michigan with flying colors. He was fortunate to get a position in the law firm of Dewey, Ballantine in New York City for the summer and is loving it. Joel is the son of Nancy Kalodner of Mt. Hunger Road.

Nancy Kalodner, by the way, was recently named to the Community Advisory Board for the Barrington Stage Company. The Board will aid in efforts to address the needs of individual communities, developing a local theatre audience and year-round programming.

We welcome **Alan** and **Beth King**, their daughter, **Jessie**, and son **Cameron** to Monterey! They will be living at 'Kingscroft' next to the Andersen-Howell residence on Beartown Road. Alan is the athletic director at Brookside School and Beth works for Dr. Hashim in Pittsfield. Jessie is a student at Smith College and Cameron a student at Monument Mountain. Beth is Alice's daughter, and they are all delighted to be in Monterey.

And, welcome back to **Alf** and **Lena Pedersen** of Main Road, who just light up when recalling their recent trip to Norway with daughters **Ellen** and **Ann**. It was a special trip for them, seeing many of Alf's relatives there and just enjoying the beauty of the country. **Bob** and **Barbara Gauthier** enjoyed a recent

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visit by son **David** who is presently living in Phoenix. While we've all been anxious for warm, sunny days, David certainly enjoyed escaping them.

Congratulations to **Jim Coburn,** who has completed his long-boat building project and has ended up with a beauty of a vessel. Even better, it proved totally "seaworthy" when launched for the first time in Lake Garfield on Memorial Day weekend. Three cheers, Jim!

Very Happy Birthday wishes to **Nancy Kalodner** and **Kyle Wing** on July 1, to **Walter Parks** on July 7, to **Jerry Raab** on July 14, to **Harold Green** and **Jessica Thorn** on July 15, to **Leonard Weber** on July 18, to **Lena Green** and **Joseph Kopetchny** on July 21, to **Richard Sheridan** and **Oona Sellew** on July 23, to **Thomas Lipsky** on July 24, and to **Charles McTavish** on July 28.

A special happy anniversary wish to **Claude (Tim)** and **Grace Burke** on July 1.

News or birthday wishes you would like to share? Give me a call at 528-4519 or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23, or at the General Store. Thanks in advance!

— Stephanie Grotz

MONTEREY GRANGE

The Monterey Grange No. 291 met on June 5 for election of officers. Most were re-elected, with Tolitha Butler as Master. There was also a program on safety around the barbecue, and a memorial service.

The meeting on June 19 was a Fun Night held at Mary Wallace's home, 24 Silver Street in Great Barrington, apartment 7. The covered dish supper at 6 p.m. was followed by bingo.

Plans are under way for Youth Night on August 21. Youth from neighboring granges will conduct the meeting, furnish the program, and do a fund-raiser for youth projects. Two gold sheaves will be presented during the program.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

CALENDAR

Sundays, July 7, 14, 21, 28 AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Saturdays, July 6, 13, 20, 27 Masses at Our Lady of the Hills Chapel on Beartown Rd., 7 p.m. Information, 229-3028.

Saturday, July 6

Storyteller and singer John Porcino at Monterey Library, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Nature walk with Bonner McAllester, 10-11:30 a.m. at The Bidwell House, Art School Road. Adults $5, Children $2. Reservations, 528-6888.

Wednesday, July 10 Open house at Wilson/McLaughlin property, 2-4 p.m.

Saturday, July 13

Ditto above, 10 a.m.–12 noon.

Outdoor folk concert with The Calico Indian String Band, 2-4 p.m. at The Bidwell House. Adults $8, children $5, members $6, members' children $4. 528-6888.

Tuesday, July 16 Free blood pressure clinic, 9–10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Wednesday, July 17

Meeting of Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Printmaking for children 5-10 at The Bidwell House, 9-10 a.m. $10 per child, includes materials. Reservations 528-6888.

Saturday, July 20

Knox Trail Run, 9:30 a.m. from town center. Kids' fun run, 9 a.m.

MPLT picnic, from 1 p.m. at The Barway off Tyringham Road. (See p. 5.)

Saturday, July 27

Book sale at Monterey library, 10 a.m.–1 p.m. Information, 58-3795.

Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30–11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults $5, children $2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578

Sunday, July 28 Traditional craft and tool demonstration, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at The Bidwell House. Adults $8, children $3, members $5, members' children $1. 528-6888.

Wednesday, July 31 Weaving for children 5-10 at The Bidwell House, 9-10 a.m. $10 per child, includes materials. Reservations 528-6888.

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Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the *News* by mail to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager.

Address your request for advertising rates and information to the Editor. For further information, telephone the Editor at 413·528-3454.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, p. 18; Erika Crofut, pp. 5, 12; Stephen Eichstedt, p. 6; Bonner McAllester, p. 14.

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